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Horn of Ulphus, made of ivory, and now preserved in the vestry of the church of York, which was given to that church in token of his bestowing upon God and St. Peter all his lands, tenements, &c. The Pusey Horn, first given with the village of that name to William Pusey by King Canute. The Borstal Horn, Lord Bruce's Horn, Mr. Foxlowe's Horn, the Horn of Corpus Christi College, &c. These Horns were sometimes hunting Horns, sometimes drinking horns, and frequently adapted to both purposes, as has been and is still not unusual with hunters. Thus Chaucer,

"Janus sits by the fire with double berde,
"And drinketh of his bugle horn the wine."

Frankl. Tale. ver. 2809.

As this custom was practised by the Danes in England, we may conclude that it equally prevailed among the same people in Ireland; but be that as it may, there is proof that it was used by the Anglo Norman settlers at a very early period. It would appear from the will of Thomas the 7th Earl of Ormond, dated July 31, 1515, that it was by the gift of a Horn that the noble house of Butler first acquired their estates or honors, either on the appointment by Henry the II. in 1177, of Theobald, the first of the family, Butler of Ireland, or on the creation of the first Earl of Ormond by Edward the First when the county of Tipperary was made Palatine. The passage in the will is curious;—viz. "Item, when my Lord my father, whose soul God assoile, left and delivered unto me a *lylle white Horne of ivory, garnished at both thends with gold, and corse thereunto of white sylke, barred with barres of gold and a tyret (turret) of gold thereupon, which was myne auncestours at fyrst time they were called to honour, and hath sythen continually remained in the same blode, for which cause, my said lord and father commanded me upon his blessing, that I should do my devoir to cause it to contynue still in my blode as far furth as that might lye in me soo to be doone to the honour of the same blode. Therefore for the accomplishment of my seid father's will as far as it is in me to execute the same, I wool that my executors, &c. &c.*"



This Horn does not we believe now exist: but we present our readers with a representation of one of the same kind now preserved in the museum of Trinity college, to which it was presented by the late Mr. Kavanagh of Borris, the lineal descendant of the last kings of Leinster.

Our Irish Horn in its size and general appearance is not unlike some of those preserved in England. It is of ivory,

has sixteen sides and is mounted with brass, indifferently gilt,—its height about sixteen inches. Round the mouth-piece is the following inscription in Gothic letters.

Tiguranus O'Lavan me ferit Deo gratias, ihe.

That is, "Tiguranus (or Tighernan) O'Lavan made me for the love of God."

This horn has been usually called the Charter Horn; but on what evidence we cannot say, for nothing is known of its history. From the inscription it appears to have belonged originally to the Laffan family, which was of great respectability in the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, and its use was evidently that of a drinking cup.

General Vallancey has exhibited an extraordinary want of antiquarian skill in supposing this Horn to be of the fifth century! whereas its age cannot possibly be higher than the fourteenth, and more probably is as late as the fifteenth.

P.

IRISH DEVOTEDNESS.

The following story is told of a retainer of O'Sullivan, lord of Bear and Bantry, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. O'Sullivan's strong hold had been sacked and destroyed by the English—not even a cow, garrane, goat, or sheep, had been left—and so, O'Sullivan, consigning the care of his wife and child to his faithful gossip, Gorrane M'Swiney, retreated to Ulster, in the hope of being able to retrieve his cause.

Gorrane, whose whole soul was in his charge, returned with them to a boolie he had set up under the foot of the Eagle's precipice at Glengarriff. This boolie, or hut, was so contrived that Wilmot and his Saxon devils, (as Gorrane called them,) might scour the mountain over and never see it, or suspect that there was in such a desert a human habitation. It was erected against the face of a rocky ridge, the roof sloping down till it touched the moor, was covered with scraws and sods of heath, so that the place was undistinguishable from the shelving slope of the mountain, and the entrance a long, distant and winding passage in the rock, and charcoal burned on the hearth for fire—it was secure from suspicion. But how was the princess of Bear and Bantry to be supported, not a cow was there to give milk, no corn, nor root, nor pulse. Gorrane had one salted salmon wrapped up in a cow's hide; that was all his provision when they entered the boolie, and where to go to seek for food, Gorrane knew not under heaven, famine had spread over the southern land—as Spencer says, "the people of Munster were brought to such wretchedness, that even a heart of stone would have rued to see the same; for out of every corner of the woods and glyness they came creeping forth on their hands and knees, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrion, happy were they when they could find them; yea and one another, sometime after; insomuch that the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves, and if they found a plot of water cresses and shamrock, there they flocked as to a feast."

In this extremity of desolation was the south-west of Cork and Desmond, when Gorrane took home his charge to his boolie, and the poor fosterer knew not what to do—all his trust was that God was good, and the Virgin Mother his protectress, would not fail him in his hour of need. And as thus one morning he was ruminating, he rambed under the precipice where year after year the eagles of the valley had nested and reared their young; and looking up, he saw one of these huge birds sailing on steady wing with a hare within its talons, and now it alighted on its rock-nest, and anon the young eagles were shrieking with triumph over the divided prey. "Arrah now is it not the greatest pity in life that these young hell birds that look for all the world like the childer of these cramming beef-eating devils the Saxon churls—my heavy curse light upon them all—that these greedy guts should be after swallowing the game that nobody has any right to, but O'Sullivan; and my sweet mistress and her little ones, all the while starving. Now, it's I that have a thought in my head, which no living soul but the Virgin herself could have put into it, and its myself knows what I will

do." So he and Gorrane went, and all day long he was seen busy twisting firmly with all his might, a rope made from the fibres of the bog-fir, and towards evening he took out from his store, his salmon, and gave the greater part to be broiled for supper, and long before the following day break, Gorrane got up from his bed of heath, and he awoke Phadrig his son, a boy of about fourteen years old, "Phadrig avich get up, come along with me." The boy, light and active, was beside him in an instant, and out they both started—the father with his wooden rope in his hand. Just as the day was breaking, they came to the brink of the mountain ridge that ascends from the precipitous valley, where the eagles build their nest; and just as they arrived at the verge of the chasm, they saw the old eagles soaring away to meet the sun and to seek for their prey over land and sea. "Phadrig a cushla, look down there," says the father, "look down below and see that bird's nest—down there you must go by the help of this rope; if you have any regard for the life of the mother that bore you, and of the sweet mistress, for whom we are bound to live or spend our blood and die. You must go down by the help of this rope, and tie these straps that I will give you round the necks of yonder gaping greedy guts; don't choke them for the life of you, but just tie these ugly necks so tight that not one morsel can they swallow." "And now father sure it's I myself that would desire no better sport than to get down and wring their necks off, and bring them up to you; but sure father the Lady O'Sullivan must be cruel hungry when she would eat eagles." "O that would not do at all at all Phadrig jewel, that would be the spoiling without the cure of the whole thing—no, my honey, handle them gently, treat the nasty things as if they were your mother's daughters—only do, Phadrig, just as I bid you." "Well, father, mind you hold tight, and I will do your bidding." So Gorrane fastened well the rope about the boy's waist and between his legs, and down he lowered him in the name of God and all the saints. The youth soon got to the nest—as he was bid, tightened well the necks of the young eaglets, so that they could not swallow; then he was safely drawn up. For an hour or two the father and son waited near the nest, and at length were gratified with seeing the old ones come soaring down the wind, one with a rabbit, another with a grouse in his talons, which they deposited in the nest and after a time flew away.

"Now Phadrig avourneen down with you again, and to be sure it's I that will hold you tight—gut the game, throw the garbage to the young ones, its right and natrhal they should have it, and bring up under your two arms O'Sullivan's rightful property." All this the boy did with address and exhibition; and in this manner were the family in the boobie fed, until the English retreated from the country, and the wife of O'Sullivan and her faithful followers could reach a place of safety.—*Sketches in Ireland.*

THE WILD AMERICAN PIGEON.

The following very singular circumstances respecting the wild pigeon of America, are taken from an account of them by John James Audubon, Esq. F. R. S. &c. &c. These birds migrate in flocks so vast over the whole extent of the United States of America, that we could scarcely credit the account, were it not sufficiently attested. Possessing great powers of flight, and great powers of vision, they pass over immense tracts of country in a short space, and can discern their food with a quick eye, alighting in prodigious numbers wherever they see a sufficient supply. Mr. Audubon, who in the autumn of 1813, travelled along the banks of the Ohio, says, "whilst waiting for my dinner at Young's inn, at the confluence of Salt river with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beech-wood forests directly on the east of me. Yet not a single bird would alight; for not a nut or acorn was to be seen in the neighbourhood. They consequently flew so high, that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual, and not even the report disturbed them in the least. But I cannot describe how beautiful their aerial evolutions were, if a black hawk appeared in their rear. At once, like a torrent, and with a thunder

like noise, they formed themselves into a solid compact mass, pressing each on each towards the centre; and when in such solid bodies, they zig-zagged to escape the murderous falcon, now down close over the earth, sweeping with inconceivable velocity, then ascending perpendicularly, like a vast monument; and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, resembling the coils of a gigantic serpent.

"Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Harboursburgh fifty miles, where the pigeons were still passing, and this continued for three days in succession."

Concerning their numbers, he says, "We shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate mentioned above, of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by one, covering 180 square miles and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in the flock; and as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day, which is required to feed such a flock.

Mr. A. paid a visit to one of their roosting places, to which they repair at night, and where they are killed in hosts by persons who frequent the spot for that purpose. This place is not far from the Green River in Kentucky. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russelsville, distant more than 100 miles, had driven upwards of 300 hogs to be fattened on pigeon meat; and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of those birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be immense, and probably consisting of all those then feeding in Indiana, some distance beyond Jeffersonville, not less than 150 miles off. The dung of the birds was several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of so many of the largest and tallest, so much so, that the desolation already exhibited equally that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, many with poles, and the rest with guns double and treble charged. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had yet arrived,—but all of a sudden I heard a general cry of "*Here they come!*" The noise which they made, though distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the polemen. The current of birds, however, kept still increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent, as well as wonderful and terrifying, sight was before me. The pigeons, coming in by millions, alighted everywhere, one on the top of another, until masses of them, resembling hanging swarms of bees as large as hogsheads, were formed on every tree in all directions. These heavy clusters were seen to give way, as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down other equally large and heavy groupes, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons nearest me. The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing the owners re-load them.

No person dared venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning's operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I percei-